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THE

WATSONIAN

"I had rather go down in a storm than rot tied to the wharf!"—Thos. E. Watson

Vol. 2. APRIL, 1928. No. 3.

CONTENTS

Frontispiece — A Drawing

Editorials

Hoover

A Survey Of The World

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy

Life of Thomas E. Watson

My Estimate of, and Tribute to a Great Man
Letters from the People

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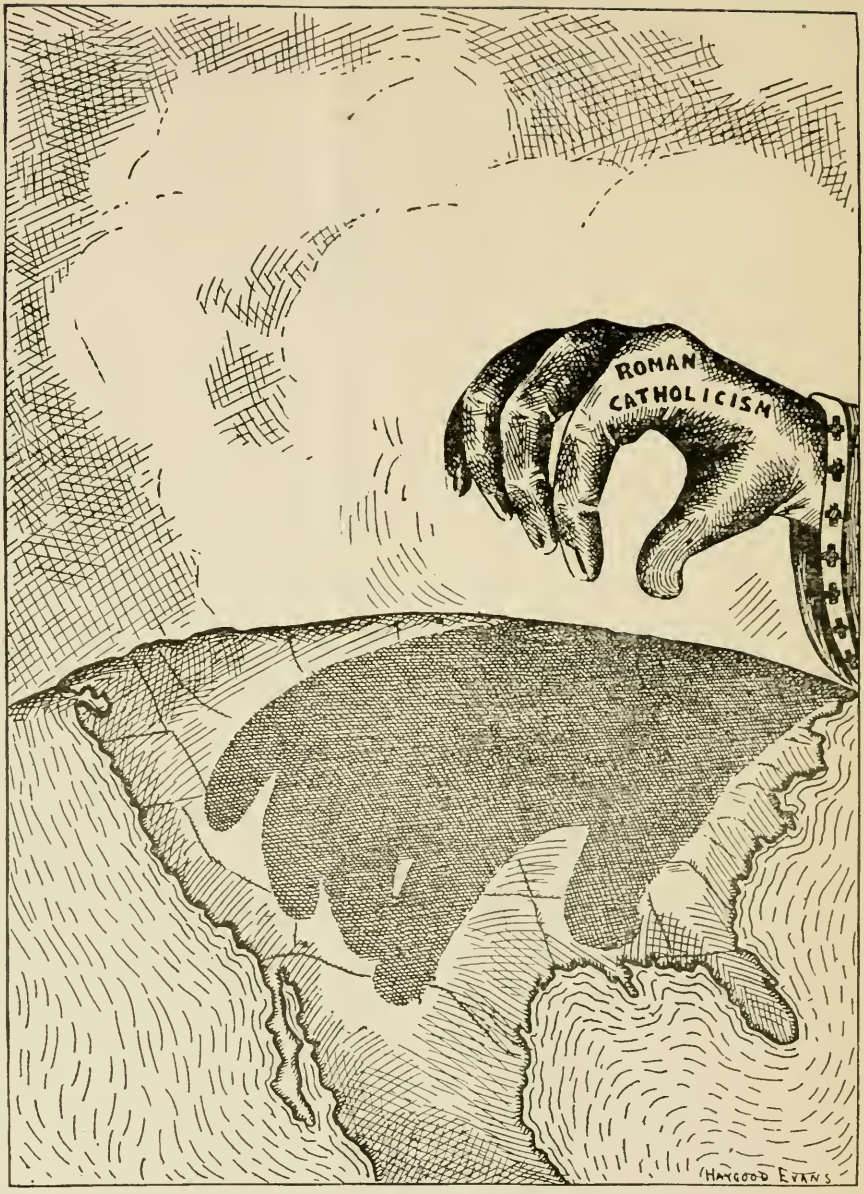

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

THE WATSONIAN

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EDITORIALS

"The Pope and The Presidency"

Last spring the country was all astir because a Protestant named Marshall had written to a Catholic named Smith with reference to his (Smith's) religion. Protestant Marshall was very familiar with the Canon Law of Popery and he set forth certain arguments which tended to prove that a good Catholic could not make a good President. Catholic-layman Smith could not and did not attempt to answer the Marshall letter, because the laymen of the Catholic Church are not allowed to enter into a debate with anyone in reference to their religion. The history of the Catholic Church is kept in darkness from the individual Catholic. In fact, the Catholic Religion thrives on ignorance, which is one of the greatest curses of Catholicism. Anyway, anyhow, Catholic Smith called to his rescue a Priest whose reputation classed him as a smart man and capable of hoodwinking the issues involved in the Marshall letter.

Now comes the Current History Magazine for March with another debate, supposedly, but in reality, only another collection of charges against the Catholic Church and a whitewashed reply by some Catholic Priest. Charles Hilliard Fountain, a Baptist Minister propounds the charges while Father John A. Ryan does the whitewashing.

As in the Marshall-Smith controversy the Protestants quote from facts while the Catholics undertake to reply with personal interpretations of some Bishop or Cardinal of their church. Mr. Marshall bases his paper on the Canon Law of Popery while Mr. Fountain prepares his, mainly, from the Pope's Encyclicals.

We learned from debating with a Catholic Priest that they try to prove their statements of "nothing un-American in their religion" by quoting from Cardinals or Priests, instead of from the Pope. When a Cardinal or Priest contradicts the Pope, his words, in the last analysis, really count for nothing. It is the infallible and absolute Monarch sitting on his throne on the Seven Hills whose decrees govern the minds and consciences of Romanists. Not all the cardinals in the Church can nullify the decrees of Pius IX, Leo XIII, Pius X, and Pius XI anathematizing those who maintain that Church and State should be separated, and condemning free speech, free press, religious toleration, liberty of conscience, etc.

Magazine debates may do little in showing to the Catholic layman why there is so much animosity toward his religion but they certainly open the eyes of Protestant Americans to the teaching of Rome. In this period of "Subsidized Press" it is an encouraging sign to see these discussions of Catholic principles appearing in our leading magazines. However unfair they may be to the Protestant cause they do some good in placing before the American public the issues of **Catholicism vs. Protestantism.**

Our great principle which guarantees freedom of worship has made the American people loath to criticise the rapid advance of The Roman Catholic Hierarchy in American politics, but since this organization has taken advantage of this principle of ours and worked themselves into a great political organization for the purpose of capturing the Presidency, you may expect to hear the Roman Catholic Church denounced in every nook and corner of this great republic. If the Roman Catholic Church was just a religion no one would find fault but it is more than a Religion, it is a **State as Well.**

There will never be a Catholic President so long as the Roman Catholic Church in America refuses to Americanize its religion. The principles of the Roman Catholic Church are absolutely foreign to American principles and the question we face today is whether we will surrender to the Pope of Rome or will we fight off **this great octopus** which threatens to choke from us the liberties handed down from our progenitors.

The idea which gave birth to the Revolution was the offspring of **Protestant Reformation.** The principles which lay at the root of the American Constitution were born of the same reformation. And it is our duty, whose ancestors pledged their lives, their fortunes, and sacred honor for American Independence, **to guard those principles** from every open assault.

* * * *

FARMERS PROSPERITY

The farmers of America are enjoying a great wave of prosperity. We know this is true because our newspapers tell us so.

Mr. J. C. Royle writing from New York City gives us this inside information—"Farmers again in Excellent Economic Circumstances". We wish we could carry this New York writer into the farming sections of the Southland. If he could see our delapidated farms with their beautiful old homes about to fall, and if he could have witnessed the wild scramble for "run money" on Marth 1st, by these farmers of whom he writes, we are sure he would change his tune.

It is not our intention to appear as a calaamity howler, but never the less FACTS ARE FACTS.

Since the deflation following the World War many a farmer has tried to hold the citadel of his home against the cruel advance of debt. He has sold from his farm all natural resources such as lumber, etc., to meet the interest note. He has denied his family the necessities of life and in spite of all, in the end, has had to lower the flag and "Surrender at discretion." He has had to gather his little immigrant train around him, in the big road, and strike out to join the others who had previously marched from the farm of "peace, prosperity and plenty."

* * * *

What is the cause of the condition of the farmer? The whole root of the trouble is the fact that the farmer buys in a protected market, while he sells in one of free trade.

For many years our farmers have been absolutely robbed by a system of distribution of his farm products which is a disgrace to any nation on earth.

They tell us there is more wealth in America today than ever before, but where is this wealth? In the hands of a few. No one seems to realize that the prosperity of our people lies not so much in the amount of the wealth as in the distribution of it.

In this period of class legislation it would be well for the privileged class to remember the school day parable of "Do not kill the Goose that laid the golden egg."

As long as these New York writers continue to write, and our Southern and Western papers continue to publish this syndicated tommyrot of the "Farmer's Prosperity" they are only helping to prolong a system which must be changed unless we return to Peonic chattel slavery.

* * * *

WALSH OF MONTANA

Step by step the dry forces are conclusively proving that it is their intention to straddle the fence with reference to the issue of CATHOLICISM. Why is this? Do they not know that Catholicism and liquor minions have always worked hand in hand?

One outstanding Dry Leader told us that he would vote for Walsh, a Dry Catholic. We asked for his reasons and these were the best he could offer. "Senator Walsh is an American Catholic and not a Roman Catholic. He told me 'he bowed down to no man.'" Senator Walsh has not renounced his religion and until he does he is a Roman Catholic, nothing more, nothing less.

This Dry Leader is very close to Mr. William Gibbs McAdoo and we are not surprised to read of McAdoo's action in California where he is trying to swing California's vote for Walsh.

We grant that Walsh does not carry the stigma of Tammany Hall and the Liquor Ring. He has done much good in uncovering corruption in our national government **but his religion disqualifies him.**

We have said, and we say now, that **the question of the hour is Romanism and not Rum.**

The Dry Leaders should remember that their best friend is the South.McAdoo should have remembered that the South stood by him in the last convention and that he and his cohorts are slapping the South in the face when they advocate **this Catholic of Montana.** We are opposed to the prevailing spirit abroad to nullify a certain amendment to our Constitution, but high and serene above this opposition is our profoundest detestation of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy which is undertaking to nullify not only a few amendments but the entire American Constitution.

* * * *

ANOTHER TOLERANCE PLEA

That Un-American Secret Society, Knights of Columbus; bound to the Italian Pope by pledges of treason and murder, makes a plea for religious tolerance. They are bound by oath as vassals of a foreign potentate—a usurper at that and the vilest of impostors—the deadliest enemy to democracy, to labor, to self government, to Home Rule, to morality and true religion.

The Supreme President of the New York Anchor Club, an auxiliary of the Knights of Columbus made this statement at their "tolerance meeting" of 800 municipal, State and Federal employes, who were K. of C's.

"This proves (meaning of course the large number of public employees being present) to that gentleman in the Senate **and his followers in Alabama** that Catholics are not afraid to make public acknowledgement of their faith and that we can send a **CATHOLIC TO THE WHITE HOUSE.**"

So said Thomas E. Watson in 1912 "And the Pope's Army of 300,000 Knights of Columbus is drilled and equipped, ready to do Rome's bidding, when the opportunity offers **to cut a path for the Pope into the White House.**"

As we watch the trend of papacy in America today, do we not tremble with fear when we read Abraham Lincoln's prophecy?:

I do not pretend to be a prophet, but though not a prophet, I see a very dark cloud on the horizon. It is filled with **tears and blood.** That dark cloud is coming from Rome. It will rise and increase till its flanks will be torn by a flash of lightning, followed by a fearful peal of thunder. Then a cyclone such as the world has never seen will pass over this country, spreading ruin and desolation from north to south. After it is over, there will be long days of

peace and prosperity; for Popery, with its Jesuit and merciless Inquisition, will have been forever swept away from our country. Neither I nor you, but our children, will see these things."

* * * *

MUSSOLINI & DEMOCRACY

"This time I reply with words, but next time I shall reply with acts."

With the above statement Mussolini closes his argument with Austria in reference to their criticism of the Italian administration in South Tyrol.

Every word and every move of Mussolini conclusively proves that he is bidding for world dominion. As ruler of the Facisti he has issued a decree which requires all members to obey him whether they be in Italy, America, or elsewhere. You will note that he is adopting the system of the Pope. Mussolini is using the machine of the Catholic Church to promote his selfish desire of making himself and the Pope rulers of the world.

Tell us that should the United States go to war with Italy these Fascisti in America would be ready to battle their ruler, Mussolini? NONSENSE.

Before we could have war with Italy we would first have a war within our own country before these subjects of a foreign ruler would take arms against Mussolini.

Listen to these statements from Mussolini while adddressing the Chamber of Deputies last month:

The masses are quite incapable of forming their own minds, much less of choosing men. . . . Where 100 persons gather, they are fatally led astray by two or three demagogues. . . .

The problem of government cannot be solved by trusting in the illusory dogma of popular sovereignty, but it can be solved by the wise choice of a few leading statesmen.

With the rapid spread of Fascism in America* it would be well for the American people to be on guard against this sinister organization. There is no room in America for an organization composed of men who are so undemocratic that they will follow the teachings of this Italian who openly tramples Democracy under his feet.

* * * *

THE OIL SCANDAL

The recent disclosure of intrigue among the Republican Cabinet Members and Campaign Contributors startled the nation with its barefaced proof of defrauding the government of unestimated wealth. Never has the black hand of corruption been caught more openly in the act of digging into Uncle Sam's pocket.

The "Teapot Dome" Oil Scandal will bring to the Republican

* A recent dispatch from New York tells of a large office building to be erected by the Fascisti and named the "Mussolini Building."

Party certain defeat if the Democratic party will only nominate an American who owes no allegiance to a foreign pope or ruler, and who is completely divorced from the "Money Ring" which has brought about the present defilement.

Let us hope that the Courts will prosecute to the limit the guilty parties concerned in order that others will not follow the example set by these dishonest officials. It is an unpleasant fact that the majority of public office holders are not in office because of their love for the people or their nation but because of MONEY which rules insolently, defiantly, corruptly, and ruinously.

It may be interesting to our readers to know that Senator Thos. E. Watson was the first to open fire on this contamination in the Republican Party. We are closing with an extract from the Congressional Record of May 26th, 1922. In a subsequent issue we will quote more fully from Mr. Watson's speeches in the Senate on this subject.

Mr. WATSON of Geogia. Mr. President, with the editorial just read at the desk I would take issue at some length if it were not for the fact that I am not willing to obstruct the Republicans in passing a bill which taxes everything between heaven and hell.

The writer of the editorial said that the President is not responsible for what the Congress has done. Every Member of Congress, every occupant of the press gallery, every interested American citizen who has been in the public galleries, knows that the President is responsible for what the Congress has done and has not done. Time and again his attention has been drawn to the fact that the Federal Reserve Board, in October, 1920, began to destroy the paper money in the country at the rate of $80,000,000 a month, and has continued that ruinous policy until two thousand million dollars of he people's money has been drawn in and destroyed—the most criminal contraction of the currency that was ever known in the history of mankind; and therefore values have disappeared, business has been prostrated, unemployment has arrayed its army of millions.

Every week some millionaire banker, who made his money out of this contraction of the currency, appears in the newspapers, saying that he "sees" prosperity right around the corner. But prosperity stays right around the corner. Nobody ever sees it on this side of the corner. The President himself is reported as having said that we are on the eve of a great revival of business. No such revival need be expected while the contractionists continue to inflate the value of gold by destroying paper money.

Mr. President, who came in here from the east portico and personally took his stand there by yourself, sir, and embarrassed Senators by asking them to confirm at once and without debate such Cabinet officers as the Englishman, Herbert Hoover, and the man who in violation of law is holding the position of Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, Morgan's partner, and Secretary Fall and Harry Daugherty, of whom I am going to say something else before I take my seat? Had the President not come here in person and made that appeal to our forbearance and our courtesy there would have been objection,

(Continue on page 76)

HOOVER

—By—

THOMAS E. WATSON

ED. NOTE—This article is republished, by request, from the Columbia Sentinel of March 7th, 1921. We indeed deem it appropriate since such a great fuss is being made over this man who "imagined himself to be an Englishman" until the World War, and who has now all of his investments in British territory.

Little did I think that all the fishing exploits of Brother Warren Harding, in the Land of Flowers, Big Fish, and Malefactors of Great Wealth, would reach their climax, their zenith, their culmination, and their over-the-topism in the catching of Herbert Hoover, who was born in Iowa, California, Arizona, London, and several other notorious places.

Did several Grecian cities dispute which of them gave birth to Homer?

So we are told; and we are further informed that Homer begged his bread in each of those cities.

In Hoover, we see a re-incarnation of Homer; but Hoover is built on a vaster scale.

Hoover begged his bread in every city of forty-eight States, and was born in most of them.

Hoover imagined himself to be an Englishman; and he was advertised to the Heathen as a true Briton, with residence and office in London, and we benighted Americans never knew that such A Queer Fish was in the creek, until after our patriotic Son-in-law had delivered to England $150,000,000—as a first shot at our treasury, and we were then officially informed that A New Man, named Hoover had issued orders against our eating sow belly on the Sabbath Day; biscuits, on the next day; beefsteak, on the next; and had sternly commandeered our hams, our wheat, our sugar, our flour, and had magnanimously permitted it to be known that we could make flour-bread once in a while, provided we mixed into it equal parts of rye, oats, barley, bran, and corn-cobs.

Hoover did this, because nobody else had ever done so.

Above all things, Hoover sought Originality—he and another Brother named Baruch.

These Twins were the Gemini of our Zodiac.

Having requisitioned our granaries, smoke-houses, larders, and sugar-jars, this Hoover, Baruch, Son-in-Law and Company persuaded our cash out of our pockets, in exchange for scraps of paper called Liberty Bonds.

O how rejoiced we were at the opportunity to spend our last red cent in buying Paper issued in carload lots by Son-in-Law, Hoover, Baruch and Company!

Truly, a citizen without a Liberty Bond, was a man without a country.

Even the President wrote to his Son-in-Law, asking—"May I not" buy a Liberty Bond; and his amiable Son-in-Law accorded that precious privilege to his Father-in-Law.

Hoover and Company issued so many of these bonds that we lost what little "sense of proportion" Nature had given us.

In our patriotic haste to accommodate Hoover and his Band, we parted gladly with our cash, our credit, our chattels, our customary food and our inherited notions of law.

We kept wearing our old hats for fear that if we could buy new ones, they would learn our opinions, give us away, and cause us to be arrested.

Hoover got more of our money than President Wilson did; and like the President, he has never made a showing of his disposal of this money.

No two men that ever lived were given the personal disbursement of such vast amounts of actual cash; and no two persons have ever shown such a determination to conceal their disposition of the public funds.

Banks have to account; railroads have to account; Secretaries of the Treasury, of War, of the Navy, of the Interior Department, of the Department of Justice have to account.

Indispensible to a legal accounting, is the accompanyment of vouchers.

Every Pullman car has its system of minute accounts; so has every hotel; so has every Administrator, Executive, Guardian, and Trustee.

In the archives of every government, ancient and modern, the historian has found elaborate accounts.

We know approximately what the Pyramids cost: we know what the palace and park of Versailles cost: we know the sums of bribes paid by the British aristocracy to the Continental Kings who sent conscripted or mercenary armies against the democrats of the French Revolution.

We have a minute account of General Washington's expense during the seven years of the Revolutionary War.

We can tell, within a few rupees, the cost of rearing, three or more centuries ago, the Taj Mahal, the noblest monument that a bereaved husband ever built in memory of a lost wife.

But as to the thousands of millions of dollars confided by the American people to Woodrow Wilson and to Herbert Hoover, we have had no accounting.

The most stupendous sums of money ever entrusted to two human beings, remain a mystery, national and international.

What was done with all that treasure, greater than the riches of Solomon, of Croesus, of any Mogul Emperor of unpillaged Hindustan?

Nobody knows: Nobody will ever know. To ask an accounting, is to "malign" Wilson and Hoover.

Apply the same rule to other custodians of trust funds, and where would the rule lead us?

Call the Executor to settle with the heirs, and you "malign him!"

Call the State or national Treasurer to make a legal showing, and you "malign" him.

Since when, did mankind ever hear of such an impudent cloak, to cover the disbursement of trust funds?

Brother Warren Harding went down to Florida to rest and fish: I don't know how much rest he got, but I can conscientiously make an affidavit to the fact that his fishing was truly rural.

Wasn't he elected as an opponent of the League?

Wasn't Hoover as much of a Leaguer as Wilson himself?

Wasn't Hoover repudiated by the same voters who repudiated Wilson?

Did not those voters elect Brother Harding?

If Hoover is to control our commerce, he will inevitably control our international finance; and whoever controls that, will be our Boss.

In other words, have we virtually re-elected Wilson?

Don't be discouraged: business is going to "revive," now in short, as the colored brother says.

Don't worry over "new lows" in cotton: these new lows and your apparent lack of money are merely "psychological," as President Wilson once said:

Psychologically, you seem to be in a h--ll of a fix, but as a matter of fact, you were never more prosperous: the daily papers are my witnesses.

Psychologically, our Government takes German bonds in payment of Belgium's debt to us; and, psychologically, you do not seem to be able to sell our Government's own bonds at par.

Thus, the Huns and the Sons of Guns elevate their bonds above ours.

With Hoover as our financial Boss, the blessed Europeans will pay us, in German paper, the ten thousand million dollars that Wilson, McAdoo, Hoover, Baruch and Company loaned to those foreigners.

In like manner, the European debts due to our Morgans, Rockefellers, DuPonts, Armours, etc, may be "liquidated" in German paper.

It would never do to monetize our own bonds, but it is all right to validate German bonds.

Many timid Americans were fearful that the monetization of our bonds would flood the country with money, and that our gold would run away from us.

But we hear no yells of terror, when President Wilson inserts the thin edge of the wedge for all the German War Paper, by urging Congress to accept from Belgium this German paper, as so much money!

Hoover still champions the League, as Cox did.

Hoover still endorses Wilson, as Cox did.

Hoover's appointment to Brother Harding's Cabinet followed a casual visit paid to St. Augustine by trusted representatives of the Morgan banking houses, the Standand Oil Companies, and sundry other Wall Street specimens of Internationalism.

Hoover himself did not wend his weary way to St. Augustine: Hoover did his fishing over the long-distance telephone—which is also a very good way to fish.

Among the various places where Hoover was born, I regret his discrimination against the South, it behooved Hoover to have recalled the fact, that he was born in Charlottesville, taught school in Augusta, got religion in Texas, lost it in Missouri, and endeavored to practice law in "Otlonter."

Hoover forgot us: Harding forgot us: they all forgot us: it's a habit they have.

We might as well have elected Cox: and had Cox been elected, he might as well have enthroned Hoover.

With Hoover on deck, and the German bonds monetized, and the Island of Yap going to the Jap, and the Kings all returning to their respective abodes, and the Turks mauling the wine out of the French and the Greeks, and the international armaments increasing day by day, and the oil of Mesopotamia pouring trouble instead of peace upon the stormy waters, I have my doubts whether the world has been made safe for democracy, especially as we are still at war with Germany, the Huns, the Sons of Guns.

To accept at par the paper of a country with which we are yet legally waging a Great War, while refusing to honor our own promises to you—sold at face value—seems odd.

It looks like dealing with the enemy—on terms more favorable to the enemy than to the patriotic but melancholy holders of our own bonds.

As I remember the law, Uncle Sam will be violating the Espionage Act, if he aids the enemy, by accepting his waste paper as that much money.

Brother Harding, come along "back to the Constitution!"

Enough water is enough, even for a Baptist.

Enough fishing is enough, even for a sport inordinately fond of fishing.

Hoover didn't know whether he was a Democrat, or a Republican: he was understood to be too Good and Great to find room in any party: he ran for President as a Republican, and, at that time, he ran in California, because he was born there and had a natural right to consider himself a favorite son.

He spent some money, and he got several votes, and he sang low at the National Convention.

But the main campaigning has been done since the election of Brother Harding.

The public eye was filled with Hoover his picture regularly appeared in the papers and magazines: he discovered 3,500,000 more European babes who were starving and who demanded that you send $10 for each of them to Hoover.

"Send us no money," they said: "unbosom your purses upon the faithful Hoover!"

Rockefeller gave Hoover a million, so the papers reported.

The profiteers had the costilest banquets, in the costliest hotels, for Hoover; and they placed near Hoover's table, an empty chair and an Empty Plate, for the European babe who had been starving, Hooverishly, for months.

The empty chair now has its occupant, the empty plate is now full: Hoover has angled for the angler, and Hoover's hook did the work.

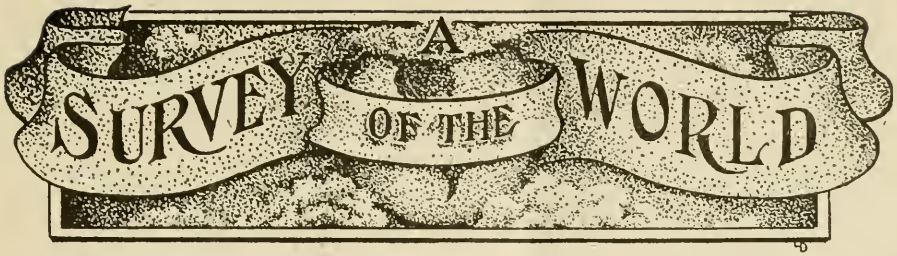
When Hoover labored under the impression that he had been born on the Pacific Slope, and cast his bread, as it were, upon those waters, he did not catch anything of importance; but when he transferred his birthplace to the Atlantic Coast, and changed his bait, he hooked and landed a whale.

"I repeat it. Sir"—little did I think that Brother Harding's rest and his fishing would culminate in this Hoover agreeable surprise.

THE OIL SCANDAL

(Continued from page 72)

prompt and strong, to the confirmation of Hoover, the charity broker, who never publishes any accounts or any vouchers of what he does with the hundreds of millions of American money that he has handled; and of Andrew J. Mellon, richer, perhaps, than Rockefeller, holding his office in violation of one of the first laws ever passed by the first Congress of this Republic; and of Secretary Fall, so oiled over with Standard Oil in Mexico and in Colombia, reeking and dripping with Standard Oil scandals; and Daugherty, of whom I repeat, I shall say something else somewhat later.



MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH asserts in an interview in a recent issue of Liberty that there can never be another great war in Europe without involving America, but that it is beyond human capacity to predict whether there will be such a war.

"The supreme lesson of the last war is comprised in the fact that a struggle between two great nations does not remain isolated in a corner of the world," the French War leader says, "but extends promptly to all of it. It is fought on land and sea, in the air and beneath the waters. The foes are soon divided into two parties—one striving for the ideal of justice and of liberty, and the other for domination of the material interests of mankind."

The topic of French militarism, brought up by the interviewer, brought a denial of its existence from the Marshal, in which he said:

"French militarism does not exist. There is in France but one feeling. It is a determination to maintain the Frenchman's land intact in peace, with no idea whatever of extending the frontiers in either direction. We are guarding our homes, and, if I may say so, our farms, our outlying possessions. Beyond that we have no military ambition. Preparation for war does not breed, nor lack of preparation forestall, war."

"The military occupation of Germany is a general guarantee of the execution of the Treaty of Versailles, which is still far from fulfillment."

* * *

MAYOR JIMMY WALKER of New York recently made a trip to the Southern states accompanied by his tile hat, broadcloaths, spats and English valet. We concede that the young mayor uses rare discretion at times, as that is as good a way as any to get the Tammany moths out of his garments. The other day he remarked that never in his life had he seen more hospitality anywhere than that accorded him down in Dixie. That is nothing particularly unusual. Hospitality is naturally a part of all Southerners, but Jimmy mustn't get the idea that hospitality to the stranger within their gates means that Southerners are supporting for the Democratic nomination his friend Al Smith. The fact is that Southerners do good even unto their enemies, but they were never known to think so little of their homes and wives and children as to barter off their happiness for the sake of placing a Roman Catholic and nullifier of the constitution in the White House.

SECREARY KELLOGG'S suggested treaty binding the great powers to renounce war as an instrument of national policy has been received in Europe with great interest and pronounced respect, and obviously, a certain amount of skepticism. They do not question its sincerity or high motive, but they do not understand it entirely. It seems to them to need to be cleared by an explicit statement of the attitude of the American Government. The advice and approval of the United States Senate is required before concluding the agreement which is then to be submitted to the Hague Tribunal as established in 1907, or to any other tribunal that is mutually agreed upon. These European statesmen are not ignorant of the fact that the Senate has for years been adverse to treaties of arbitration designed to eliminate the risk of war. It did not ratify those negotiated by President Roosevelt. It defeated the arbitration plans of President Taft. Its action on the League of Nations and the World Court need not be related.

This unpromising record fully justifies the efforts of the European nations to ascertain the real intentions of the American Government. Editorial writers abroad, as well as in our own country, do not hesitate to assert that Mr. Kellogg's enthusiasm for the treaty is simulated, charging that the negotiations have a political rather than a practical purpose. They argue that the Presidential campaign is approaching, and seeking for political capital, the Administration makes a magnificent gesture expressing its willingness to renounce all war, but is careful to accompany it by conditions impossible to fulfill which make it meaningless.

When our Department of State proposes to outlaw all war, the European people wish to know if this is meant strictly and literally. No one for a moment thinks that, should we be attacked, we would not declare war on the offending nation, or if the Monroe Doctrine were to be rudely challenged by a European nation, or group of nations, it is the prevailing opinion that the American people would fight to maintain their historic position. Until such beliefs are expelled, and a more definite attitude is propounded, the other countries to which Secretary Kellogg has made the offer of a multilateral treaty agreeing never to go to war, cannot be blamed for their hesitation or skepticism. They are entitled to be shown a clearer path in front of them than they can now see before venturing upon it.

It is because of this uncertainty that the French Foreign Minister is expected in his reply to Mr. Kellogg to ask for more light. If he does, the obligation thrown upon our State Department to

make its hopes and purposes more fully understood will be so pressing that Secretary Kellogg ought to be glad to do it, and make the proposals and undertakings of the United States as plain as day.

* * *

THE AMERICAN NICARAGUAN policy during the last month has attained unprecedented portions of criticism in the press of the United States, Europe and Latin America.

One French editor rebukes our imperialistic vices, and asserts that our policy is replete with peril to the independence and free development of the other American States. From all parts of Latin America protests of "American usurpation of Nicaraguan sovereignty" were voiced. Demands were made on the Pan-American conference to consider the Nicaraguan problem, and the Administration policy was attacked also by members of both parties in the United States Congress.

Senator Heflin of Alabama offered a resolution to repudiate the Stimson agreement demanding the immediate recall of the marines. Retention of the marines to assure a fair election was supported by the Senate Foreign Relations committee, however, when it submitted a unanimously unfavorable report on the Heflin resolution. Chairman Borah said that to withdraw the marines would be a repudiation of the agreements made by Colonel Henry L. Stimson for the United States Government with leaders of the Liberal and Conservative factions in Nicaragua, and that it would leave the Liberals "helpless" against "violence" from the Conservatives.

Meanwhile, recriminations have recently become most pronounced between the two parties. Each charges the other with assisting Sandino. General Moncado, official head of the Liberal party, charged that the Conservatives are assisting Sandino for the express purpose of keeping the country in turmoil, thus preventing the free elections promised under the Stimson agreement. General Chamorro retaliated by not only denying the charge but offered to assist the Americans in their military operations against the rebels. Some observers have expressed doubt that it would be possible to hold the elections even if supervised by the United States.

The election that we have so chivalrously agreed to supervise, to protect United States financiers with interests in Latin America, does not occur until October. Since excuses can always be found to keep the marines in Nicaragua, and military encounters between them and Sandino will necessarily follow, we do not wonder at the severe criticism that is being hurled at us from the presses of other countries, and must confess that the

charge of American imperialism is not utterly devoid of support.

* * *

INFLUENZA IS RAGING throughout Tokio. All the medical resources of Japan's capital are engaged in a life and death battle with an influenza epidemic which has already killed two thousand people and attacked the country's rulers. Despite the best efforts of the city's physicians half a million persons have been stricken and the sick are dying at the rate of fifty-eight a day.

The Emperor himself is suffering with cold and fever, and his six-months-old daughter Princess Hisa contracted the disease resulting in her death. Since Emperor Hirohito is without male issue, the heir to the throne is his brother, Prince Chichibu, whose engagement to the daughter of the Japanese Ambassador to Washington was announced recently.

The police report over 500,000 cases in the nation and figures place influenza deaths from Nov. 1, 1927 to March 8, 1928, at 5,490.

MY ESTIMATE OF, AND TRIBUTE TO A GREAT MAN

J. F. Arceneaux—Denham Springs, La.

In the good year of 1907, when I was in my Twenties, I entered a new chapter in the book of my life. With my introduction to The Jeffersonian, I began to drink from the deep fountain of Jeffersonian Democracy. Not to the abridged text books and rubbish of my former school days do I owe this renaissance, but to the versatile pen and tutorship of Georgia's most celebrated son, Thomas Edward Watson.

Mine was not the opportunity ever to meet, see or hear him; so, it was not my good pleasure to know him personally; however, no biography of statesman, historian, lawyer, philanthropist or philosopher—ancient or modern—ever so facinated me as did his. No character ever so absorbed my constant study as did his. No personality ever so gripped me as did his. With my introduction to The Jeffersonians, I never missed an opportunity to read, re-read, study and digest every word that ever came from his tongue or pen. The principles he advocated I accepted, readily. His political, economical gospel was, to me, clear, sound and logical. The Jeffersonian Democracy which he received at the hands of Alexander H. Stephens and Robert Toombs, I, gratefully, accepted at his hands. Over the mantel, in my room, hangs his portrait, together, with that of his faithful helpmate, and as I, daily, gaze upon it I think of the days when I was a care-free, prattling, barefooted boy, and wonder that he, then, in his prime, at the risk of his life, was fighting to rescue and maintain the priceless heritage which is, still, mine today. He has left his indelible impress on my mind, vitalized what few latent forces I had, softened, yet, strengthened and moulded my life as no other human ever has, helped me, as no other, to see the practical side; by his experience, imbued my faltering footsteps with fortitude to mount the rugged cliffs, cheered my

(Continue on page 92)

ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

BY
THOS. E. WATSON

CHAPTER XIII.

Erasmus, the scholarly Roman Catholic priest; His sad history; Quotations from his denunciations of the corruption and superstition dominating his church.

It is doubtful whether Europe ever produced a scholar who surpassed Erasmus. Montaigne had read as widely, perhaps; but much learning had made of the Frenchman a selfish, good-humored cynic. He wrote a great deal, but without any definite purpose, and without any regard for the up-lift of mankind. He studied and wrote in desultory fashion, as the humor possessed him; and his motive was not more elevated than that of a man who kept a diary for his own amusement and glorification. Montaigne's Preface to the first edition of his "Essays" is so quaint and candid, that I copy it for your benefit, the date being June 12th, 1580:

"This, reader, is a book without guile. It tells thee, at the very outset, that I had no other end in putting it together but what was domestic and private. I had no regard therein either to thy service or to my glory; my powers are equal to no such design. It was intended for the particular use of my relations and friends, in order that when they have lost me, which they must soon do, they may here find some traces of my quality and humor, and may thereby nourish a more entire and lively recollection of me. * * *

"Thus, reader, thou perceivest that I am myself the subject of my book; 'tis not worth while to take up thy time longer wih such a frivolous matter; so fare thee well."

A whimsical preface, truly! Montaigne was an old bachelor, living in a granite chateau, remote from cities; a firm Catholic, a loyal courtier, but a free-thinker and a confirmed, immovable, non-combatant. Religious war raged around him; the frenzy of fanaticism was drenching his country with blood; but he refused to be drawn into the storm. At his modest castle, he lived among his books, writing and dictating from time to time; and, without apparently meaning to do it, produced a voluminous mass of "Essays" which have done the Roman Catholics almost as much harm, as did the frankly hostile books of Voltaire.

Around the great Dutchman, Erasmus, will forever cling a greater human interest, than around any other scholar whomsoever. His father—a handsome gallant, ambitious young man—loved a beautiful girl of Sevenbergen; and a marriage contract was the result. The too ardent lover, and the too trustful mistress, went the old, old way of error that leads to so much sorrow; and the consequence was, an illegitimate child. The father of it had gone away to Rome, to escape the importunities of his people, who wanted him to become a priest. While in Rome, his people wrote him that his Margaret was dead. She did not know

where he was; his letters to her had been intercepted by his family. Overwhelmed with grief, and not suspecting deception, the broken-hearted Gerard entered the priesthood. Later he learned the truth—that his Margaret was living and had borne him a son, in Rotterdam. Not being sufficiently bold to throw off the Papal yoke, as Luther did, Gerard spent a brief life of utter misery, in the service of the hierarchy. Margaret rejected all suitors, and remained true to her first love. She was carried off by a plague in the bloom of her life, and Gerard soon followed her to the grave.

Their son was, Erasmus. Around his parents, Charles Reade framed the greatest novel that was ever written—**The Cloister and the Hearth.** (There is more truth, more history, more opulent imagination, more genuine humor, more probable incident, and more eternally valuable teaching, in this one book of Charles Reade, that there is in all of Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer combined.)

Erasmus, like his father, was persecuted into "holy orders." He struggled against it, as his father had done. Neither father nor son had the robust quality of John Knox, or Martin Luther. Both were wretched, in the Roman church; and both died in their chains. Both saw the "religion" from the inside; and both were shocked, by what they saw. The father died prematurely—the saddest man in Europe. The son lived to old age; and spent much of his time denouncing the corruption and the superstition which had taken possession of his church.

Doubtless Erasmus hoped to have his church reform itself from within. He should have remembered that no organization ever has done that. No caste or class ever does it. The pressure has to be applied, from without. Those who, like Savonarola, tried to purge the priesthood, while remaining in the power of the Pope, were put to death. If Luther had remained a monk, he would have been tortured into recantation, or been sent to the stake.

It would have gone hard with Erasmus, had not the Pope at that time, been so pre-occupied by Luther and Henry VIII. Baited in Germany, baited in England and threatened by revolt in France, the Papa was in no condition to murder the most eminent scholar in Europe.

As an example of his extreme care for accuracy, Erasmus chides Paul, the Apostle, for not having correctly quoted the inscription "to the Unknown God," which the Apostle saw at Athens. The statue was dedicated, "To the Gods of Europe, Asia and Africa, and to all foreign Unknown Gods." Paul, hastily translating or not remembering, gave to the inscription a significance never intended by the tolerant, indifferent, irreligious Greeks.

Let us see what the famous Roman Catholic, Erasmus, had to say about his brethren; and as you read, ask yourself whether the priests have discontinued the practices which one of their own order so unsparingly condemned.

From page 149, **Praise of Folly:**

"The next to be placed among the regiment of fools are such as make a

trade of telling or inquiring after incredible stories of miracles and prodigies; never doubting that a lie will choke them, they will muster up a thousand several strange relations of spirits, ghosts, apparitions, raising of the devil, and such like bugbears of superstition which the farther they are from being probably true, the more greedily they are swallowed, and the more devoutly believed. And these absurdities do not only bring an empty pleasure, and cheap advertisement, but they procure a comfortable income to such priests and friars as by this craft get their gain. To these again are nearly related such others as attribute strange virtues to the shrines and images of saints and martyrs, and so would make their credulous proselytes believe, that if they pay their devotion to St. Christopher in the morning, they shall be guarded and secured the day following from all dangers and misfortunes; if soldiers, when they first take arms, shall come and mumble over such a set prayer before the picture of St. Barbara, they shall return safe from all engagements; or if any pray to Erasmus on such particular holidays, with the ceremony of wax candles, and other fopperies, he shall in a short time be rewarded with a plentiful increase of wealth and riches. The Christians have now their gigantic St. George, as well a sthe Pagans had their Hercules; they paint the saint on horseback, and picture the horse in splendid trappings, very gloriously accoutred, they scarce refrain in a literal sense from worshipping the very beast.

"What shall I say of such as cry up and maintain the cheat of pardons and indulgences, that by these compute the time of each soul's residence in purgatory, and assign them a longer or shorter continuance, according as they purchase more or fewer of these paltry pardons, and saleable exemptions? Or what can be said bad enough of others, who pretend that by the force of such magical charms, or by the fumbling over their beads in the rehearsal of such and such petitions (which some religious impostors invented, either for diversion, or what is more likely, for advantage), they shall procure riches, honor, pleasure, health, long life, a lusty old age, nay, after death a sitting at the right hand of our Savior in His kingdom; though as to this last part of their happiness, they care not how long it be deferred having scarce any appetite toward tasting the joys of heaven, till they are surfeited, glutted with, and can no longer relish their enjoyments on earth.

By this easy way of purchasing pardons, any notorious highwayman, any plundering soldier, or any bribe-taking judge, shall disburse some part of their unjust gains, and so think all their grossest impieties sufficiently atoned for; so many perjuries, lusts, drunkenness, quarrels, bloodsheds, cheats, treacheries, and all sorts of debaucheries, shall all be, as it were, struck a bargain for, and such a contract made, as if they had paid off all arrears, and might now begin upon a new score.

"And what can be more ridiculous, than for some others to be confident of going to Heaven by repeating daily those seven verses out of the Psalms, which the devil taught St. Bernard, thinking thereby to have put a trick upon

him, but that he was over-reached in his cunning.

"Several of these fooleries, which are so gross and absurd, as I myself am even ashamed to own, are practised and admired, not only by the vulgar, but by such proficients in religion as one might well expect would have more wit.

"The custom of each country challenging their particular guardian-saint proceeds from the same principles of folly; nay, each saint has his distinct office allotted to him, and is accordingly addressed to upon the respective occasions; as one for the tooth-ache, a second to grant an easy delivery in child-birth, a third to recover lost goods, another to protect seamen in a long voyage, a fifth to guard the farmer's cows and sheep, and so on; for to rehearse all instances would be extremely tedious.

"There are some more Catholic saints petitioned to upon all occasions, as more especially the Virgin Mary, whose blind devotees think it manners now to place the mother before the Son.

"And of all the prayers and intercessions that are made to these respective saints, the substance of them is no more than downright folly.

"Among all the trophies that for tokens of gratitude are hung upon the walls and ceilings of churches, you shall find no relics presented as a memorandum of any that were ever cured of Folly, or had been made one dram the wiser. One perhaps after shipwreck got safe to shore; another recovered when he had been run through by an enemy; one, when all his fellow-soldiers were killed upon the spot, as cunningly perhaps as cowardly, made his escape from the field; another while he was hanging, the rope broke, and so he saved his neck, and renewed his license for practising his old trade of thieving; another broke jail, and got loose; a patient (against his physician's will) recovered of a dangerous fever; another drank poison, which putting him into a violent looseness, did his body more good than harm, to the great grief of his wife, who hoped upon this occasion to have become a joyful widow; another had his wagon overturned, and yet none of the horses lamed; another had caught a grievous fall, and yet recovered from the bruise; another had been tampering with his neighbor's wife, and escaped very narrowly from being caught by the enraged cuckold in the very act. After all these acknowledgements of escapes from singular dangers, there is none (as I have before intimated) that returns thanks for being freed from Folly; Folly being so sweet and luscious, that it is rather sued for as a happiness, than deprecated as a punishment. But why should I launch out into so wide a sea of superstitions?

"Almost all Christians being wretchedly enslaved to blindness and ignorance, which the priests are so far from preventing or removing, that they blacken the darkness, and promote the delusion; wisely foreseeing that the people (like cows, which never give down their milk so well as when they are gently stroked) would part with less if they knew more, their bounty proceeding only from a mistake of charity. Now if any grave, wise man should stand up, and unseasonably speak the truth, telling every one that a pious life is the only way of

securing a happy death; that the best title to a pardon of our sins is purchased by a hearty abhorrence of our guilt, and sincere resolutions of amendment; that the best devotion which can be paid to any saints is to imitate them in their exemplary life; if he should proceed thus to inform them of their several mistakes, there would be quite another estimate put upon tears, which before were so much prized, as persons will now be vexed to lose that satisfaction they formerly found in them."

From page 209, **Praise of Folly:**

The divines present themselves next; but it may perhaps be most safe to pass them by, and not to touch upon so harsh a string as this subject would afford. Besides, **the undertaking may be very hazardous**, for they are a sort of men generally very **hot and passionate**; and should I provoke them, I doubt not would set upon me with a full cry, and force me with shame to recant, which if I stubbornly refused to do, **they would presently brand me for a heretic, and thunder out an excommunication, which is their spiritual weapon to wound such as lift up a hand against them.**

"It is true, on men own a less dependence on Folly, yet have they reason to confess themselves indebted for no small obligations? For it is by one of my properties, self-love, that they fancy themselves, with their elder brother Paul, caught up into the third heaven, from whence, like shepherds indeed, they look down upon their flocks, (the laity), grazing as it were, in the vales of the world below. They fence themselves in with so many surrounders of magisterial definitions, conclusions, corrolaries, propositions explicit and implicit, that there is no feeling with them; if they do chance to be urged to a seeming non-plus, yet they find out so many evasions, that all the art of man can never bind them so fast, but that an easy distinction shall give them a starting-hole to escape the scandal of being baffled.

"They will cut asunder the toughest argument with as much ease as Alexander did the Gordian knot: they will thunder out so many rattling terms as shall affright an adversary into conviction. They are exquisitely dexterous in unfolding the most intricate mysteries; they will tell you to a title all the successive proceedings of omnipotence in the creation of the universe; **they will explain the precise manner of original sin being derived from our first parents;** they will satisfy you in what manner, by what degrees, and in how long a time, our Savior was conceived in the Virgin's womb, and demonstrate in the consecrated wafer how accidents may subsist without a subject. Nay, these are accounted trivial, easy questions; they have yet far greater difficulties behind, which, notwithstanding; namely, **whether supernatural generation requires any instant of time for its acting?** whether Christ, as a son, bears a double and specifically distinct relation to God the Father, and His Virgin mother? whether this proposition is possible to be true, that the first person of the Trinity hated the second? whether God who took our nature upon Him in the form of a man, could as well have become a woman, a devil, a beast, an herb, or a stone? and if it were possible that if the Godhead had appeared in any shape of an inanimate substance, how He should then have preached His Gospel? or how have been nailed to the Cross? **whether if St. Peter had celebrated the eucharist**

at the same time our Savior was hanging on the cross, the consecrated bread would have been transubstantiated into the same body that remained on the tree? whether in Christ's corporeal presence in the sacramental wafer, His humanity be not extracted from His Godhead? whether after the resurrection we shall carnally eat and drink as we do in this life?

"There are a thousand other more sublimated and refined niceties of notions, relations, quantities, formalities, quiddities, haecceities, and such like absurdities, as one would think no one could pry into, except he had not only such cat's eyes as to see best in the dark, but even such a piercing faculty as to see through an inch-board, and spy out what really never existed.

"Add to these some of their tenets and beliefs, which are so absurd and extravagant, that the wildest fancies of the Stoics, which they so disdain and decry as paradoxes, seem in comparison just and rational; as their maintaining, that it is a less aggravating fault to kill a hundred men, than for a poor cobbler to set a stitch on the Sabbath-day; or, that it is more justifiable to do the greatest injury imaginable to others, than to tell the least lie ourselves.

"And these subleties are alchemized to a more refined sublimate by the abstracting brains of their several school-men; the Realists, the Nominalists, the Thomists, the Albertists, the Occamists, the Scotists; and these are not all, but the rehearsal of a few only, as a specimen of their divided sects; in each of which there is so much of deep learning, so much of unfathomable difficulty, that I believe the Apostles themselves would stand in need of a few illuminating spirits if they were to engage in any controversy with these new divines."

From page 214, Praise of Folly:

"The primitive disciples were very frequent in administering the holy sacrament, breaking bread from house to house; yet should they be asked of the Terminus a quo and the Terminus ad quem, the nature of transubstantiation? the possibility of one body being in several different places at the same time? the difference betwixt the several attributes of Christ in Heaven, on the Cross, and in the consecrated bread? what time is required for the transubstantiating of the bread into flesh? how it can be done by a short sentence pronounced by the priest, which sentence is a species of discreet quantity, that has no permanent punctum?

"Were they asked (I say), these and several other confused queries, I do not believe they could answer so readily as our mincing school-men now-a-days take a pride in doing.

"They were well acquainted with the Virgin Mary, yet none of them undertook to prove that she was preserved immaculate from original sin, as some of our divines now very hotly contend for."

Page 215, same:

"They worshipped in the spirit, following their Master's injunction, 'God is a spirit, and they whch worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth;' yet it does not appear that it was ever revealed to them how divine adoration should be paid at the same time to our blessed Savior in Heaven, and to His picture here below on a wall, drawn with arm extended, two fingers

held out, a bald crown, and a circle round his head."

Same, P. 257:

"Now as to the Popes of Rome who pretend themselves Christ's vicars, if they would but imitate His exemplary life, in the being employed in an unintermitted course of preaching; in the being attended with poverty, nakedness, hunger, and a contempt of this world; if they did not consider the import of the word Pope, which signifies a father; if they did but practice their surname of most holy, what order or degrees of men would be in a worse condition?

"There would be then no such vigorous making of parties and buying of votes in the Conclave, upon a vacancy of that See; and those who by bribery, or other indirect courses, should get themselves elected, would never secure their sitting firm in the chair by pistol, force, and violence.

"How much of their pleasure would be adapted if they were but endowed with one drachm of wisdom? Wisdom, did I say? Nay, with one grain of that salt which our Savior bade them not to lose the savor of.

"All their riches, all their honors, their jurisdictions, their Peter's patrimony, their offices, their dispensations, their licenses, their indulgencies, their long train of attendants (see in how short a compass I have abbreviated all their marketing of religion); in a word, all their perquisities would be forfeited and lost; and in their room would succeed watchings, fastings, tears, sermons, hard studies, repenting sighs, and a thousand such like severe penalties; nay what's more deplorable, it would then follow, that all their clerks, amenuenses, notaries, advocates, proctors, secretaries, the offices of grooms, ostlers, serving-men, pimps, (and somewhat else, which for modesty's sake I shall not mention); in short, all these troops of attendants, which depend on his holiness, would all lose their several employments. This indeed would be hard, but what yet remains would be more dreadful: the very Head of the Church, the spiritual prince, would then be brought from all his splendor to the poor equipage of a scrip and staff.

"But all this is upon the supposition that they understood the circumstances they are placed in; whereas now, by a wholesome neglect of thinking, they live as well as heart can wish.

"Whatever of toil and drudgery belongs to their office, that they assign over to St. Peter or St. Paul, who have time enough to mind it; but if there be anything of pleasure and grandeur, that they assume to themselves, as being 'hereunto called;' so that by my inference no sort of people live more to their own ease and comfort.

"They think to satisfy that Master they pretend to serve, our Lord and Savior, with their great state and magnificence, with the ceremonies of installments, with the titles of 'reverence' and 'holiness,' and with exercising their spiscopal function only in blessing and cursing.

"The working of miracles is old and out-dated; to teach the people is too laboriouss; to interpret Scripture is to invade the prerogative of the school-men; to pray is too idle; to shed tears is cowardly and unmanly; to fast is too mean and sordid; to be easy and familiar is beneath the grandeur of him, who, without

being sued to and entreated, will scarce give princes the honor of kissing his toe; finally, to die for religion is too self-denying; and to be crucified as their Lord and Life, is base and ignominious.

"Their weapons ought to be those of the Spirit; and of these indeed they are mighty liberal, as of their interdicts, their suspensions, their denunciations, their aggravations, their greater and lesser excommunication, and their roaring bulls, that fright whomsoever they are thundred against; and these most holy fathers never issue them out more frequently than against those, who at the instigation of the devil, and not having the fear of God before their eyes, do feloniously and maliciously attempt to lessen and impair St. Peter's patrimony; and though that apostle tells our Savior in the gospel, in the name of all the other disciples, 'we have left all and followed You,' yet they challenge, as His inheritance, fields, towns, treasures, and large dominions; for the defending whereof, inflamed with a holy zeal, they fight with fire and sword, to the great loss and effusion of Christian blood, thinking they are apostolical maintainers of Christ's spouse, the church, when they have murdered all such as they call her enemies; though indeed the church has no enemies more bloody and tyrannical than such impious popes, who give dispensations for the not preaching of Christ; **evacuate the main effect and design of our redemption by their pecuniary bribes and sales; adulterate the Gospel by their forced interpretations and undermining traditions; and lastly, by their lusts and wickedness grieve the Holy Spirit, and make their Savior's wounds bleed anew."**

I pray you to read, attentively, what Erasmus wrote about the superstitious dogmas and criminal practices that had overlaid the pure and simple Gospel of Christ.

Note that he, a devout Roman Catholic, bitterly condemns the pride, riches and false pretensions of the Popes. He lays the lash of scorn upon the greedy, lustful, hypocritical priests.

He ridicules the pretended miracles. He rails against indulgencies. He scorns the dogma of purgatory. He accuses the priesthood of purposely keeping their dupes ignorant. He denounces some of their tenets as absurd and extravagant. He sneers at their belief in transubstantiation. (On that subject he is with Melancthon, and far in advance of Luther.) He scouts the worship of Mary. He pleads for the true faith, the true religion and the pure life.

He declares that votes are bought in the Conclave which elects Popes. He characterizes the papal claims as impudent pretences and virtually denounces the Pope as a shameless impostor.

He declares that the priests are enemies to education and to true religion.

He fearlessly adverts to the murders committed by the Church, saying that the corruption and the crimes of the Roman Hierarchy make the Savior's wounds bleed afresh.

Has any Protestant brought against this paganized Romanism a more comprehensive and damning indictment than its greatest scholar left on record?

* * * *

LIFE OF THOS. E. WATSON

By His Grand-Daughter
GEORGIA WATSON LEE

THE CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN

"Upon this platform I stand flat-footed; Upon this platform I stake my political future."

Mr. Watson held the rudder of his political ship true to these words as long as he was permitted to live. He used the words as a basis of purpose in his successful race for Congress as in his unsuccessful race for the Presidency, and as has been proven he held himself faithful to them through life. Although Mr. Watson's policies garnered for him scorching rebuke and unjust criticism that would certainly have vanquished a more timorous man, his rankest enemy never charged him with desertion of the famous principles of the Ocala Platform of the Farmers Alliance. Some of these demands were free coinage of silver, stoppage of Government land grants to corporations, government control or ownership of railroads, stoppage of gambling on cotton futures, free trade or a radical scaling down of the tariff, a subtreasure system with federal loans to farmers, and popular election of Senators. Parties may change, but principles—NEVER!

Mr. Watson's opponent for Congress was Major George T. Barnes the incumbent. Mr. Barnes was a very strong man in the district and provided opposition that was by no means weak. The demand for Mr. Watson to enter the race came from the agricultural class, which by majority held the deciding vote of the district.

Mr. Watson began his campaign more than a year before the election. He delivered his first speech of his campaign before an enthusiastic body of 3000 persons on August 31, 1889, when the Alliance organization held a barbecue in McDuffie County.* This same speech with few changes was delivered in every section of the district. Before the campaign ended Mr. Watson's fame as a stump speaker spread, outside of the court room into the city and into the crossroads. The youthful Watson was spoken of as "The eloquent orator from McDuffie."

As the issues at stake became more involved the campaign waxed more fiery. While speaking at the Louisville Fair a drunken man made a disturbance and almost caused a panic by his actions. He had a pistol in his pocket, and many claimed that he attempted to shoot Mr. Watson. When the drunken man was disarmed and order

* This speech was carried in full in the last issue of the Watsonian Vol. 2, No. 2 and therein these great principles of reform may be more closely studied.

restored a man cried. "Watson, he tried to shoot you."

Mr. Watson replied with this fitting statement which emphasizes his ability to cope with any situation.

"The man who undertakes to inaugurate reform must stand, not one fire, but a thousand."

This incident shows the intensity of feeling between the two factions, and Mr. Watson, realizing his power as a debater, felt that a challenge at this time to his opponent for a series of joint debates would increase the popularity of the principles for which he was pleading. After importunate challenges Maj. Barnes accepted.

In these debates Mr. Watson relied correctly upon the fact that the Alliancemen were well informed concerning the principles which were to be discussed. At one of the few joint meetings held Mr. Watson characteristically opened his argument as follows:

"Well, boys, I'm going to turn this gathering today into a school. You boys, now, are the pupils, and Congressman Barnes up here on the platform is at the head of the class. I am the teacher. I want to see how you are all getting along—what you have been doing and how thorough you are. Everybody must come up and toe the mark. Have you been reading up on the tariff? If so hold up your hands." (Every hand in the audience went up—Of course Maj. Barnes merely looked on.)

"All right, I'll start with the head pupil, who ought to know. Mr. Barnes, when a national bond is deposited, how much of its value does the government issue in money?

No Answer

"Tell him, boys."

"Ninety per cent," *the crowd would say.*

"All right. Now, Mr. Barnes, how much interest does the national banker pay on the money he gets on his bonds?"

No Answer

"Tell him, boys."

"One per cent," *they cried amid boisterous laughter.*

"All right. Now, Mr. Barnes, how much interest do the farmers have to pay the bankers every time they borrow a little money."

No Answer

"Go on and tell him, boys."

"Eight per cent," *the crowd yelled.*

"You bet they do. Then Mr. Barnes, how much has the national banking system you have been upholding in Washington robbed the farmers of"?

No Answer

"All right, boys."

"Seven per cent" *came from the Alliancemen.*

"Yes and when the Government goes and pays the banker 4 per cent on his bonds, his profit on his money becomes how much"?

"Eleven per cent." They shouted.

"And what do you get"? *asked Mr. Watson*

"NOTHING"! They yelled.

Such performances as these were embarrassing to the dignified Maj. Barnes, and he soon declined to meet the young lawyer with a winsome wit that was so deadly a weapon in politics. It soon be-

came apparent that unless something was done to check the overflowing tide of popularity of Mr. Watson that a new man from the tenth would be seated in the House.

To this end, the supporters of "The Incumbent" began sending into the country the most prominent lawyers and speakers of the district. In reference to this action Mr. Watson said:

"Really it seems that Maj. Barnes' best friends are bent on building a fence around him, so to speak, and keeping him where the campaign trespasser can't intrude. The sooner these Augusta lawyers leave the genial Major and myself to tussle with one another, the sooner they will satisfy the expectations of all reasonable men."

One of the Augusta friends trotted out was H. D. D. Twiggs, Mr. Watson's old opponent in the court room. Judge Twiggs threw himself into the race with all the old animosity he had formerly held against Mr. Watson. In a speech delivered at Waynesboro Judge Twiggs charged Mr. Watson with the writing of a letter in which he (Watson) called himself an eminent lawyer, a political prophet, a genius; and in contrast called Maj. Barnes a clam along with numerous other personalities and ridicule.

To this speech Mr. Watson replied with several cards in the daily press in which he charged that Judge Twiggs' "harangue at Waynesboro was simply the vaporing of a soured outlaw who is so accustomed to abusing everything and every body that the restraints of truth have no power over him."

The feeling between the two became so intense that Judge Twiggs sent his law partner to Thomson with a communication challenging Mr. Watson to a duel. To this Mr. Watson replied:

"I never intend to spend one moment in studying a code which, with refined and formal lawlessness, tramples on statutes, human and divine.

I have never yet endeavored to fashion my thoughts to a belief that deliberate murder was any the less murder because the duellist had a pistol in one hand and a book of etiquette in the other."

However, Mr. Watson added that he would be in Augusta on a certain day and at the fair on a certain day and would be ready to defend himself if attacked. Mr. Watson kept his promise but Judge Twiggs let the matter drop.

When the State Convention was held Mr. Watson was declared the nominee, having carried every county in the district with the exception of Richmond, the home of his opponent, in which no contest was made.

In the general election on November 4th, Thomas E. Watson was duly elected Congressman from the tenth Georgia District.

* * * *

MY ESTIMATE OF, AND TRIBUTE TO A GREAT MAN

(Continued from page 80)

soul with the silver lining to the otherwise dreadful clouds of Fate, and focussed my eyes on the polar star of glorious destiny.

In statesmanship, he deserves to be classed with Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, and Solon, the democratic philosopher of Greece. In his antagonism of the entrenched, law-protected, tax gatherers he tracked the Roman Statesman, Julius Caesar, facing and denouncing, wihout fear, the American Brutuses of his day.

A scholar of far-sighted vision and of broad mind, yet, he was as deep, intellectually, as he was broad. Concerning him it was truly said that while other men might have had more concentrated knowledge along special lines, no man had a broader, more diversified knowledge than Mr. Watson.

In clearness of vision, constructiveness, organization, leadership and valor he was a Napoleon. In the prophetic realm of political science he was the equal of the Frenchman, De Toqueville, and of the Americans, George McDuffie and Abraham Lincoln. As a lawyer he was one of the most brilliant lights of the legal profession.

As a patriotic, political reformer he was a Martin Luther and John Knox type of man. The laurels of public office allured him as fervently as they do the average American, but he would not accept the office at the cost of principle.

In fearlessness and indomitable courage he could be classed with the Roman, Pompilius, and the American, Andrew Jackson, while in magnetic personality he was a reflection of the old Roman General, Caius Marius. In logic he sat with Webster and Calhoun; in common sense, with Lincoln.

In patriotic eloquence his voice rang out as clearly and as forcefully in the Georgia Legislature, the Lower House and Senate of the United States, as the voice of Daniel O'Connell in the Irish Parliamnt, as the voice of William Pitt in the English Parliament, as the voice of Patrick Henry in the Continental Congress of the United States. The Anglo Saxon blood flowing through his veins found expression in his speeches, writings and legislation. A disciple and exponent of Jefferson, a strict constructionist of the Federal Constitution, and devoted to its handmaid, the doctrine of State Rights, his motto was "America for Americans;" and with men of the type of Reed, of Missouri, and La Follette, of Wisconsin, he fought, desperately, with all the powers at his command, the ever encroaching, aggressive, imperialistic, Prussionistic, European Militarism in America, and the unconstitutional precedent of sending American armies to prosecute aggressive wars on foreign soil; and were he living today, he would be standing with Heflin, in the United States Senate, to prevent the slaying of American boys in Nicaragua. Once his idea of right crystallized into conviction he would set his face like a flint and, before surrendering to his foes, would have gone down in ashes with the martyr spirit of the Roman Gracchies.

As a writer, his peculiar, uncommon, yet, splendid type of Fiction has enriched Southern Literature. Read his "Prose Miscellanies" and tenderly, he touches the chords of emotion which begin to vibrate. Many years ago, when I was homeless, penniless and persecuted I chanced to read his "Tragedy in a Tree Top", and when I reached the pathos in the climax of the "Tragedy" my burdened heart overflowed in tears of beatitude. I know, now, that if

there is such, his and mine were twin, or sister spirits.

His was a genius that could congenialize itself in any altitude of any literary clime. He was at home with the literary masters. He associated with and understood Milton and Shakespeare, Burns and Byron, Wordsworth and Tennyson. He could drink, with pure delight, Goldsmith's Deserted Village," hang enraptured over Keat's "Grecian Urn," laugh with Thackeray, sigh with Hood, soar with Shelly, dream with Coleridge, walk the Gardens of the Hesperides, and the rich fields of Charles Reade and Charles Dickens. How a man could struggle against poverty and adverse circumstances, read, study and sift the wheat from the chaff, retain so much knowledge, write as many biographies and histories covering such a diversified territory, prosecute campaigns, apply himself to an extensive journalism, maintain an elaborate law practice, antagonize wrong in men and institutions, the nervous system taxed under the constant peril of being martyred, and, finally, to be elected to the Senate of the United States, is a marvel, and evidence, to me, that he was a man of destiny; that Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again; that man has not lost faith in his fellowman, and that he who gets right and stays right, stands by right principle and conviction, no matter if it takes a life time, will, ultimately, triumph. As Alexander the Great has gone down in history as the superior military genius of all time, having conquered the then known world at the age of Thirty-two, even so, no man, to my mind, in the brief span of sixty-seven summers, ever attained the achievements of Thomas E. Watson.

I make safe to say that his bust should be enshrined in every art gallery of Fame, and that his portrait should forever paint, with immortal glow, the canvass of Time.

Wonderful genius of the South! Blessed and praised by thousands of his countrymen who understood and appreciated his service; cursed and persecuted by thousands for whom he, so unselfishly, toiled!

At his death, though I had never seen him, and though I was seven hundred and fifty miles from his grave, in my fancy, I stood at the feet of one of the staunchest friends, benefactors and protectors the South ever had, moistened his casket with my tears, dropped the evergreen in the vault and deposited the wreath on his grave.

I have one more tribute to pay to his memory. If God spares me, I expect that one of the pilgrimages of my life, some day, will be to visit the old home on Hickory Hill, and the plot where sleep, side by side, the Sage of McDuffie and his noble Helpmate. And, when I cross the bar, I feel that I shall know him by the intuitiveness of kindred spirits and that we shall walk together the sunlit fields of Elysium.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

TO THE WATSONIAN—

Appearing serially, Mr. Watsons writeup of the "ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY" has been, no doubt, of general interest to his, and now, to your own readers. It is shown up in such manner by him, that none can fail to apprehend the menacing abomination that is holding its millions of poor deluded creatures over a cauldron of de-

struction. Oh, for its miserable victims. And there is nothing we can ever do for them. Their destiny is sealed. These lessons bring to our minds their mistakes and their wrong doings, and we recognize it all as being at varience-entirely at enmity with Gods teachings.

In rebuttal of this, would it not be good policy if the WATSONIAN could carry along with this some specific lesson of what the bible really does teach? There are some things that many are ignorant of. Indeed, there is very little known of it by the masses. We are none of us out of the woods, to use a trite saying, and many more are in jungles of darkness. Mr. Watson, himself, was wont to deprecate the wasted millions sent to squanted among the foreign heathen, seeing there was so much need of it at home. Conditions have not changed. It would be well, probably to spend some of our lives and money with them, provided anything could be made of them, but we cannot see that progress is being made in that direction. Good fat jobs for the missionaries, and a fine time many of them enjoy, except when they are being chased around by some warring band. Pity we do not know how better to take care of what the Lord has so painstakingly placed here for our comfort and pleasure.

We are woefully ignorant ourselves in this highly enlightened and civilized age; not for lack of opportunity to know. Our prejudices, our bias, these, with many other obstacles beset and divert us. Some how we have gotten into a wrong channel. Like the man directed to dip in Jordan seven times, we are looking for some big thing. The small things are the ones that count, and until we can realize this, our logical minds cannot function properly. Look for the small ones.

—W. E. Norrell.

Marietta, Ga.

* * *

A FRIEND INDEED

March 15, 1928.

The Watsonian:

Dear Friends:

I inclose $10 check for one subscription to the Watsonian for a year, and the $9 to go to the work for anti-Catholic propaganda, especially at this time.

*I thing Mr. Tom Watson died, did he not, and is this paper run by his son? or by whom?

I am coming more and more to like your orthodox men, such as Senator Heflin of Alabama, Rev. L. L. Pickett, &c. They are slower to embibe the poison of Evolution and Modernism than the North. But we had W. J. Bryon, and now have that prophet and

prince of men Dr. W. B. Riley who is a force for God and righteousness. I intended to send for your paper before, but have been so busy. I liked your anti-Catholic books and pamphlets I received. God guide you and give you wisdom that you may do much good these days, when so much goes the way God does not approve.

Yours sincerely,
Ella G. Magee,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

* Ed. Note—Thos. E. Watson died 1922 while serving in the U. S. Senate. The Watsonian established, owned and controlled by Mr. Watson's granddaughter.

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—From Thos. E. Watson's Speech:
The Creed of Jefferson, the Founder of Democracy.